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Shelter Shifting as the Seasons

Maura Gage Cavell

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Shelter Shifting as the Seasons

by Maura Gage Cavell

Black roses, blue flowers,
velvety soft petals of red and pink
all seem to fall away
as summer ends and the world
has fewer bright colors—it runs
golden, brown, green, rusty.
The shift of color turns
her mind toward apples,
spices, cinnamon. It's still warm,
but a change comes anyway.
Rains come on heavy, subside,
come back pouring, branches and leaves
falling around the yard and in the street.
Some windows are cracked
in our house—the pressures of time
and shifting ground swells
leave their marks on them
and cracks on the ceiling and walls.

